



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "The Sure Shot (Intro)"

Woo, yo, everybody, let me hear you say  
"Yo, a-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot"  
(What?) "And it's like that" (What? What?)  
A-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that  
A-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that  
One more time  
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)  
That's the shit

(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)  
That's the shit  
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)  
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(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)  
That's the shit  
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)  
That's the shit

Yeah, you know what fuckin' time it is  
Gang Starr duelin' again, rulin' again, watch as we do it again

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Lights Out"

(feat. M.O.P.)

Yeah

Gang Starr, M.O.P.

Either ride or be quiet

What we gon' do? (Gon' do), motherfucker

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all  
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo, yo)

Yo, ever since a shorty I was hard-headed and angry  
And mad complex and wouldn't let nobody change me  
I'm still the same me, gettin' pussy, stayin' weeded  
These bitches are starstruck, so fuck the way they gettin' treated  
I don't need it, if her head ain't right I pass on it  
While you trick sucka niggas be wastin' cash on it  
And you don't want it, when the fight starts, you always runnin'  
Against me, son, you know the outcome, ya always done  
Rhymes jog ya mental like ya pop dukes smacked ya  
You need to join SAG (Why?) 'cause you're a hell of an actor (Hahahaha)  
After you notice what happened it'll be too late  
Can't blame no one but yourself for mistakes you make  
And some of y'all niggas are like circus monkeys  
Livin' life like worthless junkies  
Plottin' against your fellow man, helpin' out the devil's plan  
Damn, why can't I trust my own people?  
Fuck it, enemies must perish in the valley of their own evil

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all  
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo)

Yo, a wise man once said, "Fuck what a wise man said"  
Bitch, gimme that bag otherwise y'all dead  
Clap on (Blaow, blaow), I can ride right now  
Leave you paralyzed from your eyebrows down  
I got two parts of my brain, fuck your life on my right

Ain't nothin' left on my left, ain't nothin' right  
(I pull up) The kid scope 'em out, I'll thrush ya  
For the bread I'll leave ya head smokin' like a muffler  
Sick bars, bitch, what up?  
I spit SARS, you spit nut up  
Bitch, shut up, it's in my bone marrow  
Marked for death, I don't even trust my own shadow  
When they can't touch who you become  
They'll try to dig up who you used to be (Ahh)  
Tell them niggas get used to me (Come on)  
You can't go back and change the beginnin'  
But I'ma start where I'm at and change the endin'

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all  
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all

I do it like I do it 'cause it ain't about the music  
Ain't about gettin' through it 'cause I'm already proven  
You niggas see me cruisin', nigga, I will lose it  
I get on my bully shit, fuck up a nigga movin'  
Now fuck who ya crew is, fuck what the true is  
Gang Starr forever, fuck what the new is  
Lil' nigga turned diamonds to ruins  
Ball with your RuPaul influence  
Shorty askin', "Who you is?"  
Forgettin' I'm praised where a few is  
Overlookin' OG engraved on the Buick  
Before they let me out the cage for the music  
I helped you niggas see exactly who John Woo is (Woo)  
Now, nigga, who you is? You overpaid, bitch-made, glitch-made  
You headin' for the roof when ya shit fade (Hahaha)  
With no substance, ho shit by the abundance  
Your catalog sound the same, you got one hit

Lights out (Lights out)

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Bad Name"

I hate tellin' good people bad news  
I hate, I hate  
I hate tellin' good people bad news

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here  
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier  
We all know that the game has changed  
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name  
Think about it, what if bling never happened  
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?  
Word to God sum'n should give  
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

Beef is what's up now, careers are gettin' shut down  
The media wants something meaty  
People are fuckin' greedy  
Music and culture's like a foreign language  
You'd be better off staging a fake beef in Spanglish  
Compadre, can you handle the whole weight?  
Adios mios watch 'em swallow your whole plate  
You used to support your fam offa this  
Now you can't even buy Spam offa this  
And I don't deal with swine  
I ain't Dr. Phil, I truly help you heal your mind  
Nowadays it's like everybody's losin' it  
Instead of them preserving this gift they're all abusing it  
It's mad drama, they want us reachin' with the Limas  
Causin' hysteria, the new Hip Hop criteria  
And they forgot about the blood, sweat and tears  
Now we see the results of all the blunts, chicks and beers

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here  
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier  
We all know that the game has changed  
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name  
Think about it, want if bling never happened  
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?  
Word to God sum'n should give  
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

I hate tellin' good people bad news  
I hate, I hate tellin' good people bad news  
I hate tellin' good people bad news



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Hit Man"

(feat. Q-Tip)

The hit man  
Power is so greedy  
That's for real  
Ain't about a whole lotta talk  
It's about, bringin' figures

He got the eye and the heart to do it, yeah  
From the roof, with the scoped, there's a whole lot to it  
Ain't no emotion when he pulls the trigger  
Breathe second of silence, then you see what he do to niggas  
Pistols, rifles, grenades, whatever  
He's a killin' machine, bought and paid for on pleasure  
And way iller than the last nigga  
Smoke a nigga in the club, and then dance right past niggas  
Once in a while, there'll be one who'll stand out  
Who's more than psycho, who'll take any man out  
With a certian passion for sendin' bullets blastin'  
A certain fashion to the way this nigga wax 'em  
And this assassin gets mad satisfaction from puttin' all this worthless scum out of action  
I sense some pride in his skill  
Looks in the mirror and salutes before he rides for the kill

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing  
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring  
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo  
Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt  
You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing  
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring  
I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing  
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Buckin' at niggas wigs while he's puffin' on cigs  
Lay him down, then he bounce out of town to another gig  
It ain't nothin', he don't need many friends  
Funded different type of weapons, he got plenty of them  
If you pass him on the street, or see him in his spot  
He's always calm, cool, collected, very rarely is he not  
Hit man, with ice in his veins  
Does the job so precise, they up the price with his name  
Shadowy figure, never too loose with the lip  
.44 long in his clip, deuce-deuce on his hip  
Baby nine in his boots and his trunk is full  
This niggas on some shit and can't be fucked with, fool  
In the grimy world of highly-paid hustlers  
First they get goons to muscle ya, then get him to touch ya  
You wouldn't wanna get in his way, nor his associates

Or a tombstone bearin' your name would be appropriate

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing

It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring

With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing

It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring

I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing

With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "What's Real"

(feat. Group Home & Royce da 5'9")

What's real?

("The real question is...") What's real?

("Try your best to diagnose...") What's real

("People all around, you got to recognize and witness")

I got soldiers that'll turn shit out, burn shit out  
Do I come correctly when it's my turn? No doubt  
I twisted trees in the cold with one hand wipin' my nose  
Girls say that I'm fly 'cause they be likin' my clothes  
But the clothes or the money can't make the man  
When I apply my vicious grip, you can't take it, man  
Face it and understand, there are no winnings for you  
What I'm beginnin' to do, is bring an endin' to you and your crew  
I sip a brew and at the same time drink the life out of you  
I righteously come through, created in the likeness of who?  
G-O-D, can sell a half a line for a G  
Check ballistics, you won't be takin' mine from me  
Oh boy, you p-noid, heard my lightnin' and thunder  
Not Thor but frightening, type of stress I've been under  
I'm the one-eyed Jack, I'm here to smack you back  
In '83, I seen stacks, run your kicks, take a flick and act

(What's real?) Certified street poetry  
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga  
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live  
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know  
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be  
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know  
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential  
Y'all ain't built for what we been through

Underground, I might as well record in the sewer  
Notorious lord of the war, tourin' Aruba  
Before I was crawlin' I'd warn you and show you the Ruger  
I'ma shoot four through your fedora, destroy your medulla  
I could get these niggas X'd, quick as sendin' a text  
For disrespect, shit'll be simple as orderin' an Uber  
I don't know what's quicker to change, them figures or fame  
But I guarantee you don't nothin' move more than the moolah  
All these rappers really cut out to do is squash the beef and dip  
Y'all need to cut out the diva shit  
Every time a nigga like Fever Nina come out the dealership  
The streets hear the sound of that Preem droppin' the needle skip  
Like Kane walkin' in "The Symphony"  
Abel is my brother who all he offers is infamy  
I bust Magnums, either strategize or duck faster

I send his whole group home like Melachi the Nutcracker  
Preem blowin' weed, he a master on the courts  
I'm a student with the rap that's spewin' passion on the chorus  
While the smoke is in the air, feel like voodoo's on the floor  
'Cause we got the actual ashes of Guru on the boards  
He's sittin' right inside an urn in the session  
Lookin' down from Heaven to Gang Starr's current regression  
Earnin' successes, his legacy get treated like four themes  
Movin' forward then let his children eat off the proceeds

(What's real?) Certified street poetry  
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga  
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live  
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know  
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be  
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know  
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential  
Y'all ain't built for what we been through  
(What's real?)

("Gang Starr, boy, and that's beyond your comprehension")

# **Gang Starr Lyrics**

## **"Keith Casim Elam (Interlude)"**

My name is Keith Casim Elam  
And Guru is my father  
The late king who provided lyrical slaughter  
And he's still here  
Shinin' down upon us  
One of the best yet

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "From A Distance"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja)

It's King Equality with lines cocked back to add on  
Word to everything, that's what I put that on  
Yo, I sat on the sidelines, watched you foolish men  
Fake hooligans, now it's time for us to duel again  
Yeah, it's me, takin' you savages to school again  
I rule again, women are preparin' my food again  
I'm like the imperial bandit, stackin' my loot again  
Ancient warrior, street fighter, contemporary  
Intelligent comrade, enemies I've been sent to bury  
You see me at seminars, clubs and bars  
I own this shit, rollin' with gangsters, thugs with scars  
You see me from a distance, tryin' to analyze the righteous  
Caught a scandal and a crisis from this vandalous psychic  
Government name Keith Elam, put in work per diem  
Still a fly-ass nigga, a magnetic human being  
B-A-L-D-head to the Slick, I'm wettin' 'em quick

("You are now rockin' with the best")

("Gang Starr")

("The God Universal Ruler Universal")

("I came to give you exactly what you asked for here")

("You are now rockin' with the best")

("Gang Starr")

("The God Universal Ruler Universal")

("Doin' a whole lot up in these streets")

Well, it's the Justice Equality Ruler Universal  
Carefree, sun see, light speed react nuclear thermal  
Three-hundred-sixty degrees, we comin' full circle  
Open the portal, now you witness God's immortal verbals  
Shinin' light infinitely like the cosmosis  
Modern science would define this rhyme as osmosis  
Go through your faction or sect, we're laser beam focused  
You see, if rap was a crime, we'd be on Wanted posters  
Keith, we kinda like the team that killed the White Lotus  
My feet firm in the ground and Guru on my shoulders  
Deep concentration is the formulation at begin  
Poison pen, maestro chop the violin  
I try to stop but my mind keep firin'  
Try to advance, you hear them ambulance sirens  
You ain't get it? Here's the summation  
Nigga, fuck what you heard, it's Gang Starr Foundation

("You are now rockin' with the best")

("Gang Starr")

("The God Universal Ruler Universal")

("I came to give you exactly what you asked for here")

("You are now rockin' with the best")

("Gang Starr")

("The God Universal Ruler Universal")

("Doin' a whole lot up in these streets")

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Family And Loyalty"

(feat. J. Cole)

Like a freshly cut diamond

Like a freshly cut diamond

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought  
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought

Word up, diamonds

(Like a freshly cut diamond)

Diamonds are forever like friends that'll kill for you  
Went up in a jewelry store, burglary, steal for you  
Bill with you, split the diamond into ice blue  
Thrice he tried to disrespect our kinship, I don't like you  
And now you axed out the fam'  
But I'm cashin' checks, with Premier on this jam  
Robin Leach, interviews on the beach  
When we shake hands, nothin' but ice on the reach, and I teach  
Like the Rap Reverend Ike without the perm', I preach  
There's more you need to learn, I return for my streets  
Gainin' my wealth, trainin' myself  
For corny confrontation with haters who be playin' themselves  
Diamonds, I like my world of rap  
Your rhymin', hah, it's like a world of crap  
And a diamond is like a fly-ass girl that's strapped  
And you can't beat that with a bat

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought  
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought (Yeah)  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought  
Word up, diamonds

Diamonds (Diamonds), diamonds (Diamonds), yeah  
Pick up the pen, write down a sin, it's cleanse  
Lay that shit down, play it for friends  
Make a few M's, then do it again  
J. Cole, who'd've thought you would've been rhymin' with Ghost

Guru flows forever like a diamond  
The most could never afford the precious jewels  
That's precisely why I'm blessin' you with clear-cut messages  
I'm destined to invest in urban sections where depression rules  
I hope to heal the destitute before I leave this vestibule  
Between the heavens and the seven circles  
Where some dead homies maybe rest, I plan to resurrect a few  
I press the truth against the neck of devils  
Look at the youth just like a precious pebble  
Meant to be protected, mentally we let this  
Poison of Western philosophy make us sloppy  
We forgot we are the chosen  
From hip-hop to astronomy, they copy what we showed them  
Niggas be talkin' slick, but only try me over modems  
In person they starstruck, they hearts flutter  
I'm like the realest one you ever met  
If you don't feel this one, give it a sec'  
Go live a little, let the years pass  
Experience pain, watch the tears crash on to the floor  
Hurt brings wisdom  
Wisdom brings a whole 'nother sort of understandin'  
Diamonds only worth what we demandin', uh, uh  
And niggas payin' top-dollar  
Once upon a time I paid a 100 for mine, now I'm a lot smarter

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought  
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought

I rock diamonds that cut glass out of window panes  
Baldhead Slick blazing tracks when the indo's flame  
Rocks that bling, rocks that make them jock my team  
Rocks that shine, rocks that keep my hand on my nine  
Rocks that blind, make the High Rocks drop down  
One of a kind, niggas best jet from the spot when I cock mine  
Diamonds are like your man you always call fam'  
Diamonds are like your grandma you always call ma'am  
Diamonds are like having the whole world in your hand  
Diamonds are like the shows I ripped with no band  
Rockin' your knot, stoppin' your plot  
It's me, Baldhead Slick Duke, coppin' your block  
For you it's only pain, for me it's only gain  
Diamonds are like loyalty, iced out like royalty  
Diamonds are like my wifey, so sweet the way she spoils me  
(So good)

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"

Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought  
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty  
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"  
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought  
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought  
Word up, diamonds  
(Like a freshly cut diamond)



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Get Together"

(feat. Ne-Yo & Nitty Scott)

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon  
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon  
Uh-cuh-cuh-cuh, cuh-cuh-c'mon, cuh-c'mon  
C'mon, c'mon  
All or nothing, while I'm in this  
C'mon, c'mon

It's me El Grande, or call me Papi Chulito  
Yo tengo mucho lovin' for you mamis if you legal  
For honeys, nothing equal to the way I tap that spot  
Get your cat hot, guess what? You hit the jackpot  
Candle-light dinners for you winners, huh  
See like I'm like Don Juan, hit me sweetie, I get in ya  
Sugar, I'mma put y'a in a beautiful mood  
Forget about that lame, he ain't a suitable dude  
Word up, I'm the one you like to talk to  
You'll find my conversation so enlightening that you sparkle  
Hoy ya ven aquí, so I can hold you tight, mold you right  
Listen girl, I got more game than Dolemite  
It's only right, baby, that we blend together  
You'll be wanting me to be your friend forever  
And ain't it clever boo, how I got you sprung?  
So when I holler yo, you know you gotta come

Dame little mami, ven aquí  
(Dame, dame, dame, dame)  
I'm sorry, that's as far as my Spanish goes  
Several words, like "si"  
Because I like what I see (I like what I see, yeah)  
I was thinkin' we should get together on the low  
You and me

What that chulo? You lookin' at my kulo?  
Said you got that prosciutto, but I won't call you my boo though  
I'm too cool yo, they call me la negrita for real  
And it's really nice to meet you, heard you like a big deal  
So what it do? You checkin' for me twice in a blue  
Shit I spit too, bet I'm probably nicer than you  
I mean let's talk about it  
Start with a G through the park and have a walk about it  
Like what's your favorite color?  
Why you wanna be my lover? Tell me, how's ya' mother?  
Could you meet me up town when I'm thinkin' of ya'  
No time for another sucker, let him ring the buzzer  
I'm sippin' honey, dippin' sundress in the summer  
Jiggy mami right, droppin' niggas like mics

Plus I've never been the type to fall in love with the hype  
Eatin' my rice, hit 'em with the dímelo papi  
Got a thing for baggin' bapis in my beef & broccoli, what

Dame little mami, ven aquí  
(Dame, dame, dame, dame)  
I'm sorry, that's as far as my Spanish goes  
Several words, like "sí"  
Because I like what I see (I like what I see, yeah)  
I was thinkin' we should get together on the low  
You and me

(Uh, uh-c'mon)  
Let's get together baby, ah, ah  
Let's get together baby, ah, ah  
Let's get together baby, ah, ah, ah  
Oh, ah, ah, yeah  
Let's get together baby, ah, ah  
Let's get together baby, ah-ah-ah-ah  
Let's get together baby, ah, ah, ah, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah  
(Uh, uh, uh-c'mon)  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah  
Oh, oh  
(Uh, uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon)

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "NYGz/GS 183rd (Interlude)"

It's crazy, right?  
Listen, listen, listen, I'm from New York City, right?  
I'm from the five boroughs  
It's the fact—listen, when I was a little nigga growing up  
When I met this nigga, him and Guru, right? (Mmm-hmm)  
It probably—what was that, '87, '88? ('88)  
'88, I was 16, 17 years old  
I was gettin' money in Baltimore, I'm from the Bronx (Okay)  
So, I respected niggas from outta town coming to another town tryin' to get money (A'ight)  
Feel me? So that's what clicked me with Gang Starr  
I thought Guru, God bless him, was my little man  
That nigga was ten years older than me  
I'm from outside (Okay)  
And I thought that, you know  
I come from the era where rappers wasn't really, uh, admired the way they are now  
You feel me? (Right) Them niggas was entertainers to us (Mmm-hmm)  
We was fuckin' with niggas who threw stones at the penitentiary (Right)  
Alright, so, when I got with Gang Starr, it was like  
"Yo, I like these niggas, they from outta town, they came here to get money  
And they doing they thing, I fuck with them"  
Then when they blew, it was, "Ah, that's dope, they blew  
These niggas is legends"

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "So Many Rappers"

So many rappers have come and gone  
I guess this rap game has really done them wrong  
So many rappers tryin' to get their name out  
Many got caught up for just havin' their chain out  
So many rappers couldn't handle showbiz  
While I'm steady rockin', so you know what it is  
So many rappers made this their dream  
Then quickly, most have disappeared from the scene

So many one-hit wonders, it's like a spin of the wheel  
You know I stay consistent and get it in for real  
So many rappers wanna rock like this  
But they got no stamina and they don't talk like this  
Plus I've learned to avoid the traps  
I truly love this shit, that's word to MTV Raps  
They'll get their little run and have a little fun  
Some'll go for popularity, to a little, then to none  
Some'll get jacked 'cause they floss too much  
Others'll leave the game 'cause they lost too much  
Some got bodied before they were totally on  
It's like when keepin' it real goes totally wrong  
Some get beat by managers, and shiesty execs  
Others are brainwashed by their unlikely success  
Well, I have proven time and time again  
That I'm built to last, so watch me shine again

So many rappers have come and gone  
I guess this rap game has really done them wrong  
So many rappers tryin' to get their name out  
Many got caught up for just havin' their chain out  
So many rappers couldn't handle showbiz  
While I'm steady rockin', so you know what it is  
So many rappers made this their dream  
Then quickly, most have disappeared from the scene

Many had major deals, big money and all that  
On 106 & Park, in magazines and all that  
So many had all that, so how did they fall flat?  
That's why my motto has always been to just fall back  
And watch the whole circus go by, I'm that guy  
As soon as I appear on the scene, nigga, it's shy  
So many pranksters with so many gimmicks  
Wonder where they're at now, probably somewhere lookin' timid  
It's all madness, there's too many to count  
Everybody and their mom wanna rap, no doubt  
Many come out with a bang, and their own new slang  
Then end up back in the hood without a goddamn thing

Some make noise, they hit the top of the charts  
Still, the shit that I kick will be stoppin' they hearts  
So many rappers in search of fame  
And most'll be lucky if we remember their names

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Business Or Art"

(feat. Talib Kweli)

(Business)

(Art)

All he had to do was just enjoy the ride  
Get on my level (Business)  
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission  
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

Business or art? Fist or steel?  
Industry or street? Fake or real?  
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?  
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Here's one for SPIN, Billboard, and Rolling Stone  
Hip Hop is so organic, it'll grow on its own  
We watch 'em throw money at it with clout and power  
But after a while, things faded out and went sour  
Somebody lost their shirt, execs got fired  
Some artist went berserk, took mad drugs and got wired  
Hundreds of thousands, up to millions in promo  
All wasted on garbage, now, that was a no-no  
Oh no, what's gonna happen now to these fools?  
These self-centered pricks were showered, proud of 'em too  
Never that, 'cause I am the renegade realist  
Street visionary, the end of days idealist  
People often ask what's the key to longevity  
How I'm so consistent and bring the heat incredibly  
Intelligence is vital and always stay hood  
'Cause this is our culture, and we need to make good

Business or art? Fist or steel?  
Industry or street? Fake or real?  
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?  
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Business or art? Let's pick it apart  
If you ain't spittin' out your heart, you'd be considered a mark  
The bullshit gotta stop, 'cause when it's business o'clock  
You hear the tickin' and the tockin' on the digital watch  
Yeah, time is money, and they don't find it funny  
They'll show up where you live, make your environment bloody, buddy  
They'll kick in the door, tell you "Get on the floor"  
They bust a .9 and bust some rhymes, you like, "gimme some more"  
Askin' you where your heart is, but you an artist  
You was never as hard as you said you was  
Maybe lyin', wasn't the smartest decision you ever made  
'Cause this business ain't regulated

If you beefin' over beats in these streets, you'll never make it  
Now you singin' to cops, that's your favorite tune, nigga  
They ain't got Yelp reviews for goons, nigga  
Hip-hop, homie, that's our lane  
It's Gang Starr with the Black Star gang  
We bang-bang when it's business or art

Business or art? Fist or steel?  
Industry or street? Fake or real?  
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?  
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

(Business)

(Art)

All he had to do was just enjoy the ride  
G-G-Get on my level (Business)  
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission  
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Bring It Back Here"

Raps will be actin' ill  
And that's exactly how I feel, shoutout to Guru

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps  
I keep it tight like army boots to ensure wealth  
I meet suckers every day that rhyme, they say they rhyme  
Most of them corny as hell, they won't get paid a dime  
A lot of these punks, they all sound the same  
They all sound lame, fakin' like they down with the game  
Against me, they fail  
I'm like the black Frankie Ale  
I leave 'em slumped, and their bodies dumped over the rail  
Show me respect, then cut me a fat check  
You little niggas are like virgins, you haven't had ass yet  
Wet behind the years while I've been spittin' darts for years  
Don't make me embarrass you in front of your so-called peers  
The fools gassed you in the first place, dirt face  
Cocksucker, thought you had wins, got stuck in the worst place  
And that's when I attack your fears  
'Cause I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it back here



# **Gang Starr Lyrics**

**"One Of The Best Yet (Big Shug Interlude)"**

Gang Starr is  
One of the best yet  
Just had to remind you  
We still are, hey  
Gang Starr  
One of the best yet  
Just had to remind you  
We still are, hey  
Ahaha

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Take Flight (Militia, Pt. 4)"

(feat. Big Shug & Freddie Foxxx)

("It's the real...")

("Conversatin' like some raw pimps sportin' the minks")

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious

("You know and I know")

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious

("Nigga better bang")

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious

("Then I'm runnin' through the spot")

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious

("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")

One in the spiritual, three in the physical

OG soul like Smokey and the Miracles

Grimy and lyrical—you want it? Here it go

We be in spots where bitch niggas fear to go

Abrasive, still smack faces

Grab you by your neck, smash your head in the basement

Godly, still controllin' the square

You the competition? Get the fuck outta here

We got the safeties and the locks off just in case it jump off

Count to three, only these niggas dump off

For the love of hip-hop, what's it worth?

For the pain of hip-hop, we bringin' the hurt

Fake niggas, we put in the dirt

Silly rap nigga wearin' a skirt

We unbeatable, don't even try

Fuck around, lay around, do or die

It's the militia

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious

("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious

("It's the militia") ("It's the real")

Let's see if you can rap and step with this production

I never left, plus I kept me somethin'

That I could use on these MC's that kept frontin'

They watched me unload and explode, I kept dumpin'

The Black Bruno, with the Mack uno uno

Crush you like a Black sumo, I'm back, you know

The man of the hour, I'm the man of the year

Make room and understand I'm here

Hell, my clientele is the most regal

I crush brain cells, my name rings bells to most people

You broke the rules, so I'ma have to get at you

Pussy, you're pitiful, your crew can catch a clip or two

Always the swiftest, you, watch the way I lift his jewels  
He's woozy, excuse me while I rip this dude  
I light a Dutch while you get touched with ease  
And your chick steady fallin' in love with me

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("It's the militia")

Raw

Yo, it's the gang Gang Starr across my chest  
On Gu' and them, I never let Solar rest  
Me robbin' them rappers that's braggin'  
The pain is of Attica stabbin' you  
Leakin' from holes you didn't know you was havin'  
Bitch niggas take flight when Bump pick up the mic  
I write what rappers wanna be like in real life  
Then spit your favorite song with verses crazy long  
'Cause I do what the fuck I want on every song  
And you bitches are mad 'cause you spit a facade  
For sad niggas who thought hip-hop was really gone  
But not for very long, I'm back to carry on  
Like I'm Marshawn Lynch, runnin' through every song  
Wack rappers, take a knee, all races  
In any race, Freddie Foxxx put that ox to they faces  
And fuck your music is the basis  
'Cause my shit hard, rip to the gods, say it, militia

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Bless The Mic"

Everything changing nowadays, man  
Kids got technology and the rap music  
I mean, I like rap music, I ain't gon' lie  
I like rap music, man, I like some of it, man  
But I don't think you gon' see, like, rap reunions 20 years from now  
I don't think you're gonna see a 50-year-old rapper  
[\*coughs\*] "How ya like me now?"

("Bless the mic for the gods")

When it's concerning these bars, I'm leaving permanent scars  
On you half-ass rappers, you ain't earnin' it, pa  
So come to my class, then I can son you real fast  
Just 'cause you comin' with cash, you still a wannabe ass  
I get chicks state to state, offer me face from the gate  
'Cause the sound of my voice makes their juices marinate  
As opposed to those with mediocre prose  
Wet you from head to toe, and watch you soak in your clothes

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on  
Some people go to places where they don't belong  
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight  
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")  
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on  
Some people go to places where they don't belong  
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight  
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic...")

Now, why'd they try to pull a plug on a brother?  
Pull the rug from a brother?  
Catch a slug from the toolie of a gun-lovin' brother  
Violence, wylin', whatever, they know  
The more rappers come, the quicker they go  
This underground is mine, might even see me in a hoop'  
Switch to a droptop coupe—why you cock blockin', dukes?  
Baldhead Slick, I represent my clique  
I got my little man loadin' the ammo, this shit is sick

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on  
Some people go to places where they don't belong  
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight  
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")  
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on  
Some people go to places where they don't belong  
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight  
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")

("Bless the mic for the gods")  
("Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot")